

Production No. 3F18

The Simpsons

"22 SHORT FILMS ABOUT SPRINGFIELD"

Written by

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FINAL 1

Date 9/22/95

"22 SHORT FILMS ABOUT SPRINGFIELD"

Cast List

HOMER ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE ..... JULIE KAVNER  
BART ..... NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LISA ..... YEARDLEY SMITH  
MILHOUSE ..... PAMELA HAYDEN  
SANJAY ..... HARRY SHEARER  
APU ..... HANK AZARIA  
CROWD AT PARTY ..... ALL  
MOLEMAN ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
ANNOUNCER (V.O.) ..... HANK AZARIA  
OMAR ..... HANK AZARIA  
YANNI ..... HARRY SHEARER  
MR. BURNS ..... HARRY SHEARER  
SMITHERS ..... HARRY SHEARER  
DR. NICK RIVIERA ..... HANK AZARIA  
REVIEW BOARD MEMBERS ... DAN CASTELLANETA/HANK AZARIA  
..... MAGGIE ROSWELL/HARRY SHEARER  
REVIEW BOARD CHAIRMAN .. HARRY SHEARER  
ORDERLY ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
GRAMPA ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
JASPER ..... HARRY SHEARER  
MOE ..... HANK AZARIA  
BARNEY ..... DAN CASTELLANETA

JAILBIRD ..... HANK AZARIA  
 SUP. CHALMERS ..... HANK AZARIA  
 PRINCIPAL SKINNER ..... HARRY SHEARER  
 SINGERS ..... DAN CASTELLANETA/MAGGIE  
 ..... ROSWELL  
 SKINNER'S MOM ..... TRESS MACNEILLE  
 MAGGIE ..... NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
 MAUDE FLANDERS ..... MAGGIE ROSWELL  
 HELEN LOVEJOY ..... MAGGIE ROSWELL  
 SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER .. DAN CASTELLANETA  
 LOU ..... HANK AZARIA  
 CHIEF WIGGUM ..... HANK AZARIA  
 EDDIE ..... HARRY SHEARER  
 BUMBLEBEE MAN ..... HANK AZARIA  
 BUMBLEBEE MAN'S WIFE ... MAGGIE ROSWELL  
 HERMAN ..... HARRY SHEARER  
 REV. LOVEJOY ..... HARRY SHEARER  
 NED FLANDERS ..... HARRY SHEARER  
 GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE ... DAN CASTELLANETA  
 OLD SEA CAPTAIN ..... HANK AZARIA  
 DR. HIBBERT ..... HARRY SHEARER  
 SIDESHOW MEL ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
 CAPITAL CITY GOOFBALL .. DAN CASTELLANETA  
 TWANGY SINGERS (O.S.) .. DAN CASTELLANETA/MAGGIE  
 ..... ROSWELL  
 CLETUS (SLACK-JAWED  
 YOKEL) ..... HANK AZARIA  
 BRANDINE ..... TRESS MACNEILLE

COMIC BOOK GUY ..... HANK AZARIA  
MR. VAN HOUTEN ..... HANK AZARIA  
KRUSTY THE KLOWN ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT .. HANK AZARIA  
RALPH ..... NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
PATTY ..... JULIE KAVNER  
SELMA ..... JULIE KAVNER  
BARBER ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
NELSON ..... NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
VERY TALL MAN ..... HANK AZARIA  
CROWD OF LOSERS ..... ALL  
PROF. FRINK ..... HANK AZARIA

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. OVERPASS - DAY

SCENE 1

BART and MILHOUSE SPIT on the CARS THAT PASS underneath.

BART

(PHILOSOPHIZING) Milhouse, d'you ever  
think about the people in those cars?

MILHOUSE

I try not to. It makes it harder to  
spit on 'em.

As Bart speaks, we PULL BACK to see they have a wide,  
sweeping panorama of all of Springfield.

BART

Sometimes I wonder about all the people  
in this town. Do you think anything  
interesting ever happens to them? I  
mean, there must be thousands of great  
stories out there.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

**ART CARD: "TWENTY-TWO SHORT FILMS ABOUT SPRINGFIELD"**

**FADE BACK IN:**

BART

What do you think, Milhouse? Milhouse?

We see Milhouse is squirting an entire bottle of mustard over the side.

MILHOUSE

Hunh? Oh, sorry, I saw a convertible.

You were saying?

BART

Forget it. C'mon, it's 11 o'clock. I  
need some sugar.

They walk off the bridge and over to the Kwik-E-Mart.

**INT. KWIK-E-MART - CONTINUOUS**

As Bart and Milhouse enter, APU and SANJAY are in the middle of a discussion.

SANJAY

I wish you'd come to my party, Apu.

You could use some merriment!

APU

Listen, serving the customer is  
merriment enough for me.

Bart hands him some change for a pack of gum. (Bart and Milhouse exit.)

APU (CONT'D)

Thank you. Come again. (TO SANJAY)

You see? Most enjoyable.

SANJAY

Oh, I guarantee a wing-ding of titanic proportions. You will be there or kindly be square.

APU

(TEMPTED) Well... I don't like to leave the store, but...

He reaches below the counter, pulls out a "Back in [BLANK] Minutes" sign, and **BLOWS** the dust off it.

APU (CONT'D)

For the next five minutes, I'm going to party like it's on sale for \$19.99!

He sets the sign to "Back in 5 Minutes" and puts it in the window. As they run out, a DIGITAL COUNTDOWN begins in the lower right corner of the screen.

The entire following scene takes place at a blistering speed:

**EXT. SANJAYS'S HOUSE - SECONDS LATER**

The countdown reads "4:05." Apu and Sanjay dash up to a swinging party. Sanjay throws on a chef's hat and apron (that reads "IN MY NEXT LIFE, YOU'RE COOKING!") and tends to a **SIZZLING** barbeque grill as Apu grabs still-cooking tofu dogs off the grill.

APU

Quick! Quick! No time to cook them -- they will plump in my stomach!

Apu eats the hot dogs in seconds flat. He fishes a beer out of a garbage can of ice, **CHUGS** it, and **BELCHES**. Then he turns to an attractive INDIAN WOMAN.

APU (CONT'D)

Helloo, beautiful! (GRABS HER HAND)

No ring, I see. So, you are only  
arranged to be married.

A **FUNKY SONG** comes on the stereo. After one note...

APU (CONT'D)

Ooh, ooh, ooh, I love this song. Let  
us boogie!

He drags the woman in front of the D.J. and begins to  
robot-dance. The crowd re-forms around them and **CLAPS**.

APU (CONT'D)

(SINGING) I am a Freak-a-Zoid / Come  
on and wind me up! (THEN, TO WOMAN)  
Phew, I am hot. Let us get out of  
here.

They run into the poolhouse. We HOLD on the door as  
several seconds tick off the countdown, then Apu saunters  
out, smoking a cigarette, his shirt on backwards and his  
hair mussed.

APU (CONT'D)

(CALLING BACK TO HER) Don't worry,  
I'll tell everybody you were  
untouchable.

Apu bumps into an **ENGLISH BUTLER** carrying a tray of drinks,  
**KNOCKING** him into the pool. He gives him a hand to help  
him out and loses his balance. He grabs at a passing conga  
line and drags everyone into the pool.

CROWD

(GENERAL HILARITY)



APU

(LAUGHING, THEN:) Oh, Sanjay, never  
have I partied so hearty! Same time,  
next year, ya?

Sanjay (wearing the soggy chef's hat) gives him a high-five. Apu runs dripping out of the pool and down the street.

**INT. KWIK-E-MART - SECONDS LATER**

The countdown reads "01:03." Apu **UNLOCKS** the door, **LEAPS** in, and looks at his watch.

APU

(PANTING) Made it! And with one  
minute to spare!

Then he notices MOLEMAN, who has been locked inside the store.

MOLEMAN

(INDIGNANT) You took four minutes of  
my life and I want them back!

(DEFLATES) Oh, I'd only waste 'em  
anyway...

Moleman shuffles out sadly. The CAMERA DRIFTS in to Apu's radio playing **MUZAK**.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS**

**SCENE 2**

**MUSIC: THE SAME MUZAK ON THE RADIO**

MARGE sweeps a pile into a dustpan. She does it again, to get the little bit left over. And again, to get that pesky black line of dirt. And again, perpendicularly, until it's just a dot of dirt. Then she picks up the dot with a sponge and **RINSES** the sponge in the sink.

MARGE

(BORED SIGH)

An announcer breaks into the Muzak on the radio.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

In the news, two more hostages, one British, one French, have been captured in Algeria. The United Nations is working to free the British one.

MARGE

Tch, how awful... to be taken hostage... (DELICIOUS SHUDDER)

**MARGE'S FANTASY**

Three very good-looking, SWARTHY MEN, wearing checked keffiyahs, are waving guns on a crowded bus. HOMER and Marge cling together on one of the seats.

OMAR

The bus is ours. Let the terror begin.

Turn off the little fan!

One of the terrorists **SHOOTS** out the little bus fan in front of the bus.

OMAR (CONT'D)

(EVIL LAUGH) Now, let's take hostages.

YANNI

(LOOKS AT MARGE) How about the beautiful American woman?

HOMER

(LEAPING UP) Don't you touch her, you filthy terrorists! I...

They level their guns at Homer. There's a tense moment.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(GULPS, THEN TO MARGE) You'll be fine. They seem nice.

**EXT. EXOTIC MOORISH HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER**

The terrorists push Marge in the door.

MARGE

(INTRIGUED) What are you exotic men  
going to do with me?

OMAR

Provide you with your life's greatest  
pleasure.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. EXOTIC HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER**

Marge, in a tattered dress, puts a load of terrorist head  
scarves in the washing machine. Then she sweeps the floor,  
using the dustpan again and again, then sponging the sink  
until it's spotless.

MARGE

(BORED SIGH)

**BACK TO REALITY**

In the Simpson kitchen, Marge frowns.

MARGE

Maybe I should have taken that  
daydreaming class at the Learning  
Annex...

LISA walks through in the foreground, holding an empty can  
of Duff.

LISA

Mom, Dad threw his beer can at the  
Miracle Gro guy on TV. Can I recycle  
it?

MARGE

(JOYLESS) Why not.

We follow Lisa outside.

**EXT. SIMPSONS' - FRONTYARD - CONTINUOUS**

Just as Lisa lifts the lid off the garbage can, Bart **SKATEBOARDS** by out of her view and tosses his gum at the can. It lands in Lisa's hair. Lisa feels her hair, then sniffs her fingers.

LISA

(SHRIEKS) Waaa! Uhh! There's gum in  
my hair!

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Lisa runs in frantically.

LISA

Mo-om! Someone threw gum in my hair!

MARGE

Are you sure? Maybe it's just shampoo.

(CONFIDENT) That washes right out.

LISA

No, it's somebody's gross gum! Get it  
out! (PLUCKING AT IT) Ow! Ow! It's  
pulling out my hairs!

Lisa tugs at the gum impatiently. Marge comes over to examine it.

MARGE

Let me see, let me see.

LISA (CONT'D)

I don't even chew gum! I'm the one who  
got it outlawed at the airport!

MARGE

Now stop, Lisa, stop it. You're just getting it more tangled. Wait -- if I remember my Heloise, the trick to getting out gum is peanut butter.

She gets out a jar and spoons a dollop into Lisa's hair.

MARGE (CONT'D)

There. Now that gum should lift right out.

**GRUNTING**, she tugs on it unsuccessfully.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Hmmm... Maybe it needs a little mayonnaise to get going. (**GRUNTS**; **DOLLOPS SOME ON**) Okay, you go sit in the sun and let it melt in.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Lisa goes outside and sits grumbling on the lawn.

LISA

Why me? (**SNIFFS**) Yuk! I smell like a sandwich.

As she sits there, we hear a **BUZZING** in the background. Then more. Lisa waves a bug away from her head. Suddenly a black cloud of **FLIES** and **BEES** descends on the goop in her hair.

LISA (CONT'D)

Gaaah!

She runs blindly in circles to get away. We follow one bee as it **BUZZES** her and then loses interest and flies away.

**BEE'S P.O.V. - ULTRA-VIOLET SPECTRUM - FISH-EYE LENS**

The bee flies across Springfield. It stops and does a double-take when it sees BUMBLEBEE MAN on the street (entering Channel Ocho). Then it flies into the park and floats above BURNS and SMITHERS, who are riding a tandem bike. Smithers is doing all the pedaling in front, while Burns (reading "Auto-Gyro Enthusiast") has his feet resting against Smithers' back. The bee lands on Smithers.

**NORMAL SHOT**

Smithers suddenly stops pedaling.

BURNS

Smithers, what is the meaning of this  
slacking off?

SMITHERS

There's a bee in my eye, Sir.

BURNS

And?

SMITHERS

I'm allergic to bee-stings. They cause  
me to, um, die.

BURNS

But we're running out of forward  
momentum.

SMITHERS

Uh, perhaps you could pedal for just a  
little while, sir?

BURNS

Quite impossible. I can try to bat him  
off if you like.

**GRUNTING**, Burns waves feebly at the bee.

SMITHERS

Really, that's oka-- Aaaggh!

Smithers is stung. His head lolls drunkenly. His legs slip off the pedals.

BURNS

Holy cats, man, we're starting to wobble!

SMITHERS

(THICKLY) Get me... to a hospital.  
You have... to pedal.

BURNS

Allright. We'll go to a hospital, but we'll get there the only way I know how. (STARTS TO SHOUT) Smithers, you infernal ninny! Stick your left hoof on that flange now!

Smithers slowly puts his left foot on the pedal.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Now if you can get it through your bug-addled brain, jam that second mephitic clod-hopper of yours on the right doo-dad! (SMITHERS DOES) Now pump those scrawny chicken legs, you stuporous funkier!

Smithers, in a zombie-like state, obeys from sheer force of habit, and the bicycle picks up speed. Burns keeps yelling at him desperately, the spit flying from his lips.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Pull on the gizmack! Make the  
wheelygig go that-a-way!

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL - A FEW MINUTES LATER SCENE 3**

Burns, exhausted from yelling, urges Smithers on as they wobble up.

BURNS

(BREATHING HARD AND HOARSE) One more  
jostle, you wretched shirkaday!

Burns collapses just as they reach the entrance.  
PARAMEDICS rush out, glance at both men, then bundle Mr.  
Burns into a stretcher and dash back inside.

**INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS**

The paramedics hustle Mr. Burns down the hall, passing DR.  
NICK RIVIERA, walking the other way. We FOLLOW Dr. Nick  
into a conference room.

**INT. HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS.**

Dr. Nick enters to face a stern Medical REVIEW BOARD.

DR. NICK

Hi, everybody!

REVIEW BOARD MEMBERS

(GRIM UNISON) Hi, Dr. Nick.

REVIEW BOARD CHAIRMAN

Dr. Nick, the review board has received  
a few complaints against you. Of the  
160 gravest charges, the most troubling  
are: performing major operations with a  
knife and fork from a seafood  
restaurant--



DR. NICK

But I cleaned them with my napkin!

REVIEW BOARD CHAIRMAN

...misuse of the cadavers--

DR. NICK

("IT'S YOUR LOSS") I get here earlier  
when I drive in the car-pool lane...

Just then a frantic ORDERLY **BURSTS** in.

ORDERLY

(PANTING) There's a crazy man with a  
scalpel in E.R.! He's demanding to see  
a quack!

**MUSIC: PULSE-POUNDING MEDICAL DRAMA**

The board looks hopefully at Dr. Nick.

**INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - SECONDS LATER**

GRAMPA holds the E.R. staff at bay with a scalpel as Dr.  
Nick runs in (followed by the Review Board).

DR. NICK

(BRUSQUE) Hi, everybody. Now tell Dr.  
Nick where is the trouble.

GRAMPA

I'm edgy! I got ants in my pants! I'm  
discombobulated! Get me a calmative!

DR. NICK

Slow down, sir! You're going to give  
yourself skin failure.

Grampa obediently waves his scalpel more slowly.

DR. NICK (CONT'D)

Okay. Now, the symptoms you describe point to "bonus eruptus." It's a terrible disorder where the skeleton tries to leap out the mouth and escape the body.

GRAMPA

(INTERESTED) Now you're talkin'.

DR. NICK

Our one chance is trans-dental electromicide. (TO DOCTORS) I'll need a golf-cart motor with a 1000 volt capacimator, stat!

ORDERLY

(PUZZLED) Doctor, I can't in good conscie--

DR. NICK

(HAMMY) Now! Now! There's no time, man! We'll have to improvise.

Dr. Nick **RIPS** the power cord out of a lamp, strips the wires and touches them; they **SPARK**. He leans over Grampa. We can't see anything but a shower of **SPARKS**.

GRAMPA

(YELP, THEN BIG SIGH OF RELIEF)

Dr. Nick hands the wires to the orderly.

DR. NICK

Keep doing that every five seconds.

REVIEW BOARD CHAIRMAN

Dr. Nick, we owe you an apology.

Consider the charges dropped.

DR. NICK

(CELEBRATING) All right! Free nose  
jobs for everybody!

He points at JASPER, who sits nearby.

DR. NICK (CONT'D)

Yiy! You first.

JASPER

Give me a Van Heflin.

Dr. Nick escorts Jasper into the operating room. Behind them, the orderly treats Grampa again with more **SPARKS**, and the lights flicker.

**INT. MOE'S BAR - SIMULTANEOUS**

MOE taps a flickering lamp bulb with his finger and the flicker stops. He turns to Barney.

MOE

Say, ah, Barn. Remember when I said  
I'd have to send away to NASA to  
calculate your bar tab?

BARNEY

(CHUCKLES) Oh yeah, we all had a good  
laugh, Moe.

MOE

(DEAD SERIOUS) The results came back  
today.

He **PLOPS** a huge printout on the bar, which he begins to scan.

MOE (CONT'D)

(READING) You owe me... 70 billion dollars. (BEAT) No, wait, wait, wait... Oh, that's for the Voyager Space Craft. (BEAT) Your tab's 14 billion dollars.

BARNEY

Well, alls I got is two thousand bucks.  
Barney takes a wad of money out of his wallet.

MOE

(CONSIDERING) Well, that's halfway there.

Moe grabs the money, puts it in the cash register, and **CLOSES** the drawer. A big satisfied smile comes across his face. Just then, JAILBIRD **KICKS** open the door. He strides in, pulling out a revolver and aiming it at Barney.

JAILBIRD

(TO MOE) Huh. Freeze, dude. Move a muscle and I'll blow this wino's head off.

Moe drops down behind the bar, **SCRAMBLES** loudly to a back door, opens it from the floor and runs out. We hear **FOOTSTEPS** on stairs, a **DOOR SLAM SHUT**, then a panel in the back wall of the bar **SCRAPES** open and Moe peers into the bar through a thick bulletproof window.

MOE

(MUFFLED) I'm callin' the cops!

JAILBIRD

Fudge.

Jailbird jumps the bar and heads toward the cash register. Moe looks panicked.

MOE

No! Stay outta there! Stay outta  
there! Aw, Good God, no!!

In desperation, Moe starts **FLICKING** a nearby light switch up and down frantically. Various lights in the bar go on and off. Jailbird, undeterred, opens the cash register drawer and pulls out the wad of cash.

JAILBIRD

Hello, new speakers! Ha-ha!

He throws the money in a brown paper bag and runs out.

MOE

Come back here, you stinkin' -- (LOOKS  
AROUND, A BIT CONCERNED) Hey, I wonder  
how much air is in here.

Moe's eyes roll back and he drops out of frame with a **THUD**.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

**FADE IN:**

**INT. SKINNER'S HOUSE - FOYER - AFTERNOON**

**SCENE 4**

The doorbell **RINGS**. PRINCIPAL SKINNER excitedly **OPENS** the door to reveal SUPERINTENDENT CHALMERS on the porch, with a bottle of wine.

CHALMERS

Well, Seymour, I made it -- despite your directions.

SKINNER

Ah, Superintendent Chalmers, welcome.

I hope you're prepared for an unforgettable luncheon.

CHALMERS

Yeah.

**INT. SKINNER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - A FEW SECONDS LATER**

As Chalmers sits in the dining room, Skinner returns to the kitchen and emits a **HORRIFIED GASP** when he sees a column of smoke spewing from the oven. He opens it to reveal a flaming roast.

SKINNER

Oh, ye Gods! My roast is ruined!

He looks out the kitchen window to see the Krustyburger restaurant down the street.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

(GETS AN IDEA) But what if... I were to purchase fast food and disguise it as my own cooking? (CHUCKLES) Ooh, delightfully devilish, Seymour.

He opens the window and starts climbing out. Just then, Chalmers enters the kitchen and sees Skinner climbing out the window while smoke bellows from the stove. Chalmers looks incredulous.

**FREEZE FRAME**

Over stills from their previous confrontations, we hear the **THEME MUSIC** to "Skinner & The Superintendent":

**SINGERS**

Ski-i-ner / With his crazy explanations  
/ The Superintendent's / Gonna need his  
medication / When he hears Skinner's  
lame exaggerations / There'll be  
trouble in town tonight!

**CHALMERS (V.O.)**

(ANGRY) Sey-mour!!

**ACTION RESUMES**

**SKINNER**

Superintendent! I was just... eh...  
stretching my calves on the windowsill!  
Isometric exercise. Care to join me?

**CHALMERS**

Why is there smoke coming from your  
oven, Seymour?

**SKINNER**

Ah... oh, that isn't smoke. It's  
steam. Steam from the steamed clams  
we're having. (RUBS STOMACH) Mmmm,  
steamed clams.

Chalmers shoots Skinner a skeptical glance and exits. Skinner wipes his brow, **SIGHS WITH RELIEF**, climbs out the window, and dashes off toward Krustyburger (where a police car is parked outside.)

**INT. SKINNER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER**

Chalmers sits at the dinner table as Skinner emerges from the kitchen with a platter of hamburgers and french fries, removed from their wrappers.

SKINNER

Superintendent, I hope you're ready for mouth-watering hamburgers!

CHALMERS

I thought we were having steamed clams.

SKINNER

No, no. I said "steamed hams." That's what I call hamburgers.

CHALMERS

You call hamburgers "steamed hams?"

SKINNER

Yes. It's a regional dialect.

CHALMERS

Uh-huh. What region?

SKINNER

Uh, Upstate New York.

CHALMERS

Really. Well, I'm from Utica and I've never heard anyone use the phrase "steamed hams."



SKINNER

Oh, not in Utica, no. It's an Albany expression.

CHALMERS

I see.

**FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER**

Skinner and Chalmers are drinking wine and eating the hamburgers. Chalmers lifts the bun off his and examines the pickles, mustard, etc.

CHALMERS

Y'know, these hamburgers are quite similar to the ones they have at Krustyburger.

SKINNER

(CHUCKLES) Oh, no. Patented Skinnerburgers. Old family recipe.

CHALMERS

For "steamed hams."

SKINNER

Yes.

CHALMERS

Yes. And you call them steamed hams despite the fact they are obviously grilled?

Skinner notices smoke curling up from under the kitchen door.

SKINNER

(DABBING MOUTH WITH NAPKIN) Y... you  
know... one thing I sho... Excuse me  
for one second.

CHALMERS

Of course.

He gets up, goes into the kitchen, and immediately returns.  
Through the swinging door, we get a glimpse of the raging  
fire within, which illuminates the entire kitchen.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

(FAKE YAWN & STRETCH) Ahh. Well, that  
was wonderful. A good time was had by  
all. I'm pooped.

CHALMERS

(LOOKS AT WATCH) Yes, I should be --  
(SEES INTO KITCHEN) Good Lord! What  
is happening in there?

SKINNER

Aurora borealis.

CHALMERS

Aurora borealis?! At this time of  
year? At this time of day? In this  
part of the country? Localized  
entirely within your kitchen?

SKINNER

Yes.

CHALMERS

(INTERESTED) May I see it?

SKINNER

No.

**EXT. SKINNER'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - THIRTY SECONDS LATER**

Skinner escorts Chalmers outside.

SKINNER'S MOM (O.S.)

Seymour, the house is on fire!

SKINNER

(CALLING) No, Mother, it's just the  
Northern Lights.

CHALMERS

Well, Seymour, you are an odd fellow,  
but I must say -- you "steam a good  
ham."

As Chalmers leaves down the walkway, flames can be seen  
within every first floor window.

SKINNER'S MOM (O.S.)

Help! Help!

Chalmers turns. Skinner smiles and gives him a big  
thumbs-up. Chalmers finally disappears, and Skinner races  
back into the house. The **WAIL OF SIRENS** is heard.

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

**SCENE 5**

Homer walks down the street, holding **MAGGIE** in one arm, a  
bag of groceries in the other, and **SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER'S**  
leash wrapped around his wrist. A fire engine **ZOOMS** by, on  
its way to Skinner's house. As Homer passes a row of  
newspaper boxes, the headline of the Springfield Shopper  
catches his eye.

HOMER

(READING) "Helms Calls for Donut Tax?!"

(WORRIED GASP)

Juggling Maggie and the grocery bags, he **DROPS** in some coins and opens the box. Maggie **SUCKS** loudly and the dog **BARKS** as Homer shifts them around, trying to find a free hand to grab the paper. Finally, he snatches it and the door **SNAPS** closed.

HOMER (CONT'D)

There. Done and done.

He notices that he's now carrying the **STILL-BARKING** dog, the groceries are on the ground and Maggie's locked in the newspaper box. He **RATTLES** the handle desperately, but the door only opens a crack. He checks his pockets for more change but only finds several oddly elongated, paper thin quarters.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(GROANS) Oh, why did I have to stop at the railroad tracks? Better get some change.

He starts to walk away.

MAGGIE

(CRYING) Dah!

Homer hurriedly returns.

HOMER

It's okay. It's okay. I'm back. See, Daddy's here.

**GRUNTING**, he sticks his finger through the crack and strokes Maggie.

HOMER (CONT'D)

C'mon, Maggie, maybe if you just squeeze a little...

Homer hooks a finger in her baby outfit and pulls a corner through the crack.

HOMER (CONT'D)

That's it, that's it, I...

With a RIP, Homer pulls her whole outfit through the door, leaving her naked inside the box.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

MAGGIE

(GIGGLES)

Maggie grabs the edge of the top newspaper and rolls it over her like a blanket, exposing a headline which reads "DEADBEAT DAD BEAT DEAD."

MAUDE FLANDERS (O.S.)

Uh, can we get a paper?

HOMER

(SCREAMS)

He turns to see MAUDE FLANDERS and HELEN LOVEJOY staring at him. Homer jumps in front of the box, blocking their view of Maggie.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Ah, all out. How 'bout a Wall Street Journal? I enjoy their no-nonsense editorials.

HELEN

(DISDAINFUL) That's a New York paper, if you know what I mean.

HOMER

(GETTING BIG IDEA) Wait -- I'll sell you my paper. (HANDS HELEN PAPER)  
Thirty-five cents.

MAUDE

(HESITANT) Well... Um, all right.

Maude quickly writes a check.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

There you go.

They take the paper and leave.

HOMER

Okay. Okay. Think, Homer...

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER

(HELPFUL NOISE)

HOMER

... The dog!

The dog perks up quizzically. Homer **TEARS** off a piece of the grocery bag, pulls out an aerosol can of "Cheesy Does It!" and uses it to write a note, **MUTTERING** as he does.

**CLOSE-UP ON NOTE**

It reads "ASK ME ABOUT MY TRAPPED BABY." He tucks it into the dog's collar and unhooks the leash.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(TO DOG) Okay! Go, boy! Go find

help! Go find help, boy!

The dog runs a yard away, then shakes the note out of his collar and licks off the cheese.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oh, bad dog! Bad dog!

MAGGIE

(BEGINS TO CRY)

HOMER

Oh, don't cry, Maggie! I'll think of something!

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - HALLWAY - 20 MINUTES LATER**

We hear the **SOUNDS OF MAGGIE PLAYING** and Homer **COOING** to her. The **CAMERA SLOWLY** moves down the hall into her room...

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MAGGIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

We see Homer watches over her as she plays peacefully in her playpen still trapped inside the now-uprooted newspaper box. She picks up the newspaper and starts playing peek-a-boo with Homer and **GIGGLING**. Each time Maggie holds the paper up to her face, we see a coupon for a Krustyburger. **ZOOM IN** on the Krustyburger and...

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. KRUSTYBURGER - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

A Krustyburger moves up and down in **CHIEF WIGGUM'S** hand as he eats it. Wiggum, **EDDIE** and **LOU** sit in an orange-ish vinyl booth, a la "Pulp Fiction," eating lunch.

LOU

You know, I went to the McDonald's in,  
uh, Shelbyville on Friday night.

WIGGUM

The McWhat?

LOU

Uh, McDonald's Restaurant. I... I  
never heard of it either, but they have  
over 2,000 locations in this state  
alone.

EDDIE

Musta sprung up overnight.

LOU

You know the funniest thing, though?  
It's the little differences.

WIGGUM

Example?

LOU

Well, in McDonald's you can buy a Krustyburger with Cheese, right?, but they don't call it a Krustyburger with Cheese.

WIGGUM

Get out--! What do they call it?

LOU

Quarter Pounder with Cheese.

WIGGUM

(SHAKING HEAD) "Quarter Pounder with Cheese." Well, I can picture the cheese... But, uh, do they have Krusty Partially-Gelatinated Non-Dairy Gum-Based Beverages?

LOU

Mmm-hmm. They call 'em "shakes."

EDDIE

(SNORT) Heh. "Shakes." You don't know what you're gettin'.

WIGGUM

Well, I know what I'm gettin': some donuts. (GRUNTS) Uh, help me outta the booth, boys.



We see that Wiggum's swollen gut has him firmly wedged into the booth. Lou takes a fork and jabs Wiggum's seat cushion and seat-back, causing them to **DEFLATE** and free Wiggum. From outside, they hear **CHEERFUL MEXICAN MUSIC**.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET - SIMULTANEOUS**

**SCENE 6**

A tired **BUMBLEBEE MAN** drives by in his Toyota Camry listening to the **RADIO**. We follow him home to his average suburban house.

**INT. BUMBLEBEE MAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Bumblebee Man comes into the kitchen, **KISSES** his **WIFE** hello, and takes off his costume (revealing himself to be a very average-looking guy underneath). His little **CHIHUAHUA** **BARKS** cheerfully. We see action in thought balloons as he narrates:

**BUMBLEBEE MAN**

Ai, que dia miserable a trabajo!

**THOUGHT BALLOONS**

**BUMBLEBEE MAN (V.O.)**

Primero, una catastrofia con una pelota  
de beisbol!

Bumblebee Man is dressed in an old-timey baseball uniform (a la Babe Ruth). From offscreen, we hear the **CRACK** of a crisp line-drive. As the ball **WHISTLES** nearer, he holds out his glove cockily. A Bumblebee-Man sized baseball **SMACKS** into him and carries him off-screen.

**BUMBLEBEE MAN (V.O. CONT'D)**

Luego, un disastro de electricidad!

Bumblebee Man (with a big napkin tied around his neck) is eating a plate of spaghetti. As he's eating, a **GROWN MAN** in a little boy's sailor suit puts the other end of his spaghetti noodle in an electric socket. With a **SIZZLE**, an arc of blue electricity **SHOOTS** along the noodle and across Bumblebee Man's antennae.

**BUMBLEBEE MAN (V.O. CONT'D)**

E finalmente, el ataque del  
woodpeckero loco!

A large WOODPECKER viciously **PECKS** Bumblebee Man's head.

**BACK TO REALITY**

BUMBLEBEE MAN

(STRETCHING AND YAWNING) Ahh, tiempo  
para relaxar en paz y quieto ...

His wife leaves the room. Bumblebee Man, looking for a snack, walks over to a cupboard and opens it. The cupboard is filled with oranges, which **RAIN DOWN** on his head.

BUMBLEBEE MAN (CONT'D)

Ai, naranjas en la cabeza!

Dazed, he staggers away, trips over the chihuahua, which **YIPS**, and **BUMPS** into the radio, which turns on and starts playing loud, **FRANTIC MEXICAN MUSIC**. He stumbles backward and falls on a wall-mounted ironing board, which catapults him into the air. He **GRABS** the chandelier and dangles there for a beat.

BUMBLEBEE MAN (CONT'D)

Ai, una candelabra precariosa!

The chandelier **LURCHES** four inches downward. After a beat, it **FALLS TO THE FLOOR** on top of Bumblebee Man, bringing the entire ceiling with it. Then, one by one, the four walls fall over.

BUMBLEBEE MAN (CONT'D)

Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! (etc.)

Bumblebee Man sits in the rubble, the dog **YIPPING** and running in circles around him. His wife comes down the still-intact staircase to see their non-existent kitchen and starts **SCREAMING**.

BUMBLEBEE MAN'S WIFE

(VERY FAST, RICKY RICARDO-STYLE) Mira  
que cosa tan terrible, no puedo  
entender algo como esto, como puedo  
vivir con alguien tan irresponsable,  
no, no, no, no, no!!

She hands Bumblebee Man a piece of paper that reads "EL DIVORCIO."

**BUMBLEBEE MAN**

(SADLY) Donde esta mi tequila?

The Mexican **MUSIC ENDS** with a **COMICAL FLOURISH** as Bumblebee Man's wife storms out of the house with her suitcase.

**EXT. BUMBLEBEE MAN'S HOUSE - STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Bumblebee Man's wife walks down to the street and sticks out her thumb to hitchhike. Jailbird speeds by in his Chevy Nova and doesn't stop.

**INT. JAILBIRD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

**INCREDIBLY LOUD DISTORTED ROCK MUSIC** blares on Jailbird's new speakers. He stops at a red light. Just then, Chief Wiggum crosses the street in front of him, holding a box of donuts.

**CHIEF WIGGUM**

(OBLIVIOUS, TO THE TUNE OF "I GOT RHYTHM") I got donuts / I got donuts /  
I -- (NOTICES JAILBIRD, FRIENDLY) Hey,  
I know you!

A panicky Jailbird steps on the gas and **KNOCKS** Wiggum down. His car **PLOWS** into a mailbox, **KNOCKING** it over and releasing a **GEYSER** of letters and packages shooting into the air. Kids run up and **FROLIC** in the geyser. Jailbird jumps out of his damaged car and starts running away. Wiggum limps after him.

**JAILBIRD**

Ooh! Haw-haw!

**CHIEF WIGGUM (CONT'D)**

Hey, wait up! We gotta swap insurance info!

He catches up to Jailbird, who turns and punches him in the face. They get in a **NOISY FIGHT**, and go rolling down the street, and into an open doorway.

**INT. STORE - CONTINUOUS**

They roll into the store, pummeling each other.

VOICE (HERMAN) (O.S.)

Hold it right there!

Jailbird and Wiggum look up to see HERMAN holding a double-barrel shotgun on them. They are inside his Military Antiques store.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

(CREEPY) Looks like the spider caught  
hissself a coupla flies. (CREEPY  
CHUCKLE)

We PAN BACK outside, where Wiggum's box of donuts lies smashed open on the street. One of the donuts rolls into a sewer grate.

**INT. SEWER PIPE - CONTINUOUS**

The donut falls into a rushing stream and is carried away.

**EXT. EVERGREEN TERRACE - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Reverend Lovejoy's big SHEEPDOG **SNIFFS**, **SCRATCHES** and **WHIMPERS** at the sewer grate. REV. LOVEJOY yanks the dog away and drags him down the street. After a few steps, he slows and looks around nervously.

REV. LOVEJOY

Come on, boy. This is the spot --  
right here. That's a good boy. Good  
boy. Do your dirty, sinful business.

We see that Lovejoy and his dog have stopped on the front lawn of a house. The door opens. NED FLANDERS comes out.

FLANDERS

Howdy, Reverend Lovejoy. Nice to see  
you there (FADING ENTHUSIASM) ... on my  
lawn... with your dog.

REV. LOVEJOY

Oh, uh, uh, ooh... bad dog. Look at that. Right on Ned's lawn. Now how could you do such a thing?

(WHISPERING) Good boy, don't stop now.

(LOUDLY) Bad dog! I condemn you to hell!

FLANDERS

Better get my cotton work gloves back from Homer, huh?

Ned walks over to the Simpson house and looks in the kitchen window.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER**

Ned sticks his head in through the open window to see Marge squeezing half a grapefruit on Lisa's spikes, like a juicer. Her head is coated in gunk.

FLANDERS

Marge Simpson -- still making juice the old-fashioned way?

LISA

No, I've got gum in my hair!

MARGE

Oh, we've tried everything. Olive oil, lemon juice, tartar sauce, chocolate syrup, gravy, bacon fat, hummus and baba ghanouj...

LISA

My scalp hurts from horsefly bites.

FLANDERS

Why don't you freeze it with an ice  
cube and hit it with a hammer? Works  
for me when I get bubbly-gum in the ol'  
push-broom. (INDICATES MOUSTACHE)

LISA

(HOPEFUL) That sounds okay...

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Marge holds Lisa's head on the table as Flanders **POUNDS** her  
hair with a hammer. A bowl of nearby ice cubes **RATTLES**  
with each blow.

LISA

Ah! Ah! Ah! Stop! Stop!

Flanders stops and they feel the gum.

FLANDERS

Hmm. (FEELING GUM) I seem to have  
mashed more hair into it. Oh well.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE (O.S.)

Ice cubes are useless, man. Chewin'  
gum's gotta be chewed out.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE has been watching from the window.

LISA

Does the whole town have to hear about  
this?

The OLD SEA CAPTAIN strolls in through the kitchen door.

OLD SEA CAPTAIN

Arrr, have ye tried a Baltic squid?  
They can suck the bolts out of a  
submarine's hull.

DR. HIBBERT walks in from the living room.

HIBBERT

I can give you the name of a good gum-  
and-hair man. (CHUCKLES)

We WIDEN to see that SIDESHOW MEL is standing there.

SIDESHOW MEL

I have a word of advice: don't try to  
dig gum out with a bone. It just makes  
things worse.

Sideshow Mel tugs at the bone in his hair. The CAPITAL  
CITY GOOFBALL enters the kitchen from the basement. He  
gestures emphatically to his head.

CAPITAL CITY GOOFBALL

(HONKING SOUNDS)

LISA

(GROAN)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

**FADE IN:**

**SCENE 7**

We see an ART CARD for "Cletus the Slack-Jawed Yokel."

**MUSIC: BLUEGRASS BANJO**

TWANGY SINGERS (O.S.)

Some folk'll never eat a skunk /  
But then again, some folk'll... /  
Like Cletus the Slack-Jawed Yokel.

CLETUS puts his head through a circle in the art card and looks around.

SLACK-JAWED YOKEL

Hey, whut's goin' on on this side?

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Cletus walks up to his common-law wife, BRANDINE, holding a pair of beat-up boots.

SLACK-JAWED YOKEL

Hey, Brandine, you might could wear  
these to your job innerview.

BRANDINE

And scuff up the topless dancin'  
runway? Naw, you best brang 'em back  
where from you got 'em.

SLACK-JAWED YOKEY

Okay.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET - A MINUTE LATER**

Cletus is atop a telephone pole, hanging the tied-together boots over the phone wires.



SLACK-JAWED YOKEL

Back you go, to waits for a woman of  
less discriminatin' tastes.

TWANGY SINGERS (O.S.)

Most folk'll never lose a toe /  
And then again, some folk'll.../  
Like Cletus the Slack-Jawed Yokel.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS the telephone wires down and inside to a  
telephone. PULL BACK to reveal we're...

**INT. THE ANDROID'S DUNGEON - CONTINUOUS**

The COMIC BOOK GUY is talking into the phone.

COMIC BOOK GUY

...Yes, and one with extra cheese.

Thank you.

He hangs up the phone. A slightly frazzled Milhouse  
approaches the counter.

MILHOUSE

(A BIT DESPERATE) Can I use your  
bathroom?

COMIC BOOK GUY

No, you may not. The bathroom is for  
paying customers only. If you purchase  
an item, you may use the bathroom.

Milhouse looks around then points to an item in the glass  
display counter.

MILHOUSE

Umm...Okay. Um, how about that?

COMIC BOOK GUY

That is a rare photo of Sean Connery  
signed by Roger Moore. It is worth one  
hundred and fifty dollars.

Milhouse shifts uncomfortably.

MILHOUSE

Oh, what can I get for seventy-five  
cents?

The Comic Book Guy takes a damaged-looking comic book out  
of a crate.

COMIC BOOK GUY

You may purchase this charming  
Hamburglar Adventure. A child has  
already solved the jumble using  
crayons. The answer is "fries."

Milhouse hands the Comic Book Guy some change. As he hands  
Milhouse the comic, MR. VAN HOUTEN enters the store.  
(Through the open door we see MRS. VAN HOUTEN waiting  
patiently in the car.)

MR. VAN HOUTEN

Milhouse, what's going on?! You said  
you just needed to use the bathroom.  
Now, I find you buying comics!

The Comic Book Guy **RINGS UP** the purchase.

COMIC BOOK GUY

Our transaction is completed. You may  
take the boy.

MILHOUSE

Waaaaait!

Mr. Van Houten drags Milhouse out the door. There is the **SOUND OF A JET PASSING** overhead. We **PAN UP** through the ceiling to...

**EXT. ATMOSPHERE ABOVE SPRINGFIELD - CONTINUOUS**

A Unitas Airlines jet flies past. A picture of Johnny Unitas's face adorns the tail. Their slogan, which happens to be painted on the plane, reads "We Make an Extra Point of Touchdown Safety!"

**INT. PLANE - FIRST CLASS CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

KRUSTY sips a glass of champagne.

KRUSTY

Ahhh, first class. The class of celebrities and kings.

Nearby, we see a KING in a crown chatting with MR. T.

KRUSTY (CONT'D)

Stewardess, close the curtain tight so I don't get bothered by any schnooks from bum class.

MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Yes, sir.

Krusty tilts his seat back and **SIGHS** contentedly.

RALPH (O.S.)

(FRIENDLY) I'm Ralph and I'm going to Grammy's. Nobody in back would sing me my song and I got scared and I screamed and the lady put me up here to help fly the plane.

As he talks, we pull back to reveal RALPH seated next to Krusty. Krusty's left eye snaps open in alarm and begins looking around.

RALPH (CONT'D)

You're the clown from TV! Sometimes  
when I see you, I laugh so much I throw  
up. (BEAT) Should I do that now?

Krusty begins jabbing the "service" button repeatedly.

KRUSTY

Stewardess! I'm dyin' over here!

Ralph pulls out a handheld game.

RALPH

Did you know I can play Merlin? Watch.

The game emits an **IRRITATING SERIES OF RANDOM BEEPS** which  
Ralph tries to imitate on the keyboard.

KRUSTY

Oh, this isn't happening.

The steward comes over.

KRUSTY (CONT'D)

Get me far, far away!

MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I'm afraid we've got a full flight,  
sir. The only empty seat is in Coach.

KRUSTY

Let me at it! Anything beats this  
mishegas!

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. PLANE - COACH CABIN - ONE MINUTE LATER**

Krusty is crammed into a center seat between PATTY and  
SELMA, who are wearing headsets and **SINGING** along with the  
in-flight program.

PATTY

(SINGING HORRIBLY) Don't go breakin'  
my heart...

SELMA

(SINGING WORSE) I couldn't if I  
tried...

KRUSTY

(KRUSTY GROAN)

We PAN BACK down through the atmosphere and through the  
ceiling of...

**INT. HERMAN'S MILITARY ANTIQUES - CONTINUOUS**

Wiggum and Jailbird are gagged and tied to two straight-  
backed chairs in the store. They exchange a scared look.

HERMAN

(MENACING) As soon as Zed gets here,  
the party will begin.

The bell **RINGS**, and Herman **BUZZES** it open.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

There he is now.

Instead of Zed, it is a harried Mr. Van Houten and a  
fidgety Milhouse.

MR. VAN HOUTEN

Uh, can my son use your bathroom?

MILHOUSE

(DESPERATE) You gotta say yes!

HERMAN

(BEAT) Okay, but be quick. It's in  
back.

Milhouse rushes to the back of the store. There is an awkward moment as Mr. Van Houten looks around for the first time, noticing Wiggum and Jailbird, who are frantically **GRUNTING** and signalling him with their eyes.

MR. VAN HOUTEN

Ah... So... Uh... nice store.

Herman stares at him.

WIGGUM/JAILBIRD

(LOUDER FRENZIED GRUNTS)

MR. VAN HOUTEN

(BEAT) Uh, you know, when I was a kid, this used to be a pet store. (WITH A CHUCKLE, REMEMBERING) Yeah, right over there against that wall, there was the cutest little --

HERMAN

(INTERRUPTING) Get in the corner.

He motions with his shotgun.

MR. VAN HOUTEN

(GULP)

Just then, Milhouse **BURSTS** out of the back of the store wearing a medieval helmet and waving a mace. He **KNOCKS** Herman out with the mace, then opens the face plate of the helmet.

MILHOUSE

Hey, Dad, can we get this, please?

(NOTICES HERMAN) Ohmigosh! Sorry,

Mister!

Wiggum takes this opportunity to **HOP** his chair out the door.

**EXT. STREET - A FEW SECONDS LATER**

Wiggum hops his chair frantically down the street. Lisa, wearing a knit, pom-pommed ski cap on her head, rushes past him in the opposite direction.

**EXT. CHILDREN'S BARBER SHOP - ESTABLISHING**

**SCENE 8**

A sign reads "Snippy Longstocking's," and has a picture of a hand grabbing both of Pippy Longstocking's braids as another hand cuts them off with a pair of scissors. Lisa looks furtively around, then enters.

**INT. SNIPPY LONGSTOCKING'S - A MINUTE LATER**

Lisa sits in the chair of a soothing Norman Rockwell-style BARBER, who examines her hair.

BARBER

Want me to cut off the gum or just  
style it?

LISA

Cut it off, but be careful.

BARBER

Don't worry, sweetheart, I know how  
important hair is to a little girl.

DISSOLVE TO:

**SECONDS LATER**

LISA

(SCREAMS)

Lisa is looking in the mirror. One of her points has been totally shaved off, revealing her stubbly scalp.

BARBER

I wasn't lyin'. I know how important  
hair is to a little girl. Now,  
relax...

DISSOLVE TO:

**MINUTES LATER**

Lisa has a brand new, very in, shaggy hairdo. The shaved part is completely invisible.

LISA

I love it! I'm going to have my high school yearbook picture taken right now! Thanks!

She **KISSES** the barber and runs out.

**EXT. SNIPPY LONGSTOCKING'S - CONTINUOUS**

Lisa walks out proudly, showing off her new haircut.

NELSON

Haw haw!

Lisa glumly puts her ski cap back on. Nelson sees MRS. GLICK pushing her grocery cart. She **WHEELS** it into a curb where it **STOPS SHORT**, **JAMMING** her in the stomach and **LAUNCHING** her up and over, pole-vault-style, into a **GARBAGE CAN**.

NELSON (CONT'D)

Haw haw!

Then Nelson sees a Volkswagen Beetle **PUTTERING** past in the street. A seven-foot **TALL MAN** (with red hair) is scrunched inside, his head bent down by the roof and his knees pressed against his chest.

NELSON (CONT'D)

Haw haw!

Suddenly, the VW **SCREECHES** to a halt. The door opens, and the very tall man leaps out and lumbers towards Nelson.

NELSON (CONT'D)

Crud.

Nelson takes off down the street, running for his life. As he passes Mrs. Glick, she trips him with her cart, allowing the man to gain on him. Nelson scrambles up and runs around the corner. The man turns the corner, finding only Lisa. She points to a manhole.



LISA

He's down there.

NELSON (O.S.)

(DESPERATE, ECHOY) Crud!

The man reaches in and pulls Nelson out by palming his head. He sets Nelson down and kneels to give him a stern lecture.

VERY TALL MAN

(SLOW DEEP VOICE, IRATE:) Do you find something comical about my appearance when I am driving my automobile?

NELSON

Yeah.

VERY TALL MAN

Everyone needs to drive a vehicle, even the very tall. This was the largest auto that I could afford. Should I therefore be made the subject of fun?

NELSON

I guess so.

VERY TALL MAN

(SOUNDS OF FRUSTRATION; REALLY STEAMED)  
Would you like it if I laughed at your misfortune? Huh?! Maybe we should find out.

He yanks Nelson's pants down around his ankles, leaving him in his underwear.

VERY TALL MAN (CONT'D)

Now march!

The tall man gets back in his car and drives slowly behind Nelson as he waddles awkwardly down the street. The man **HONKS** his horn repeatedly.

VERY TALL MAN (CONT'D)

(SHOUTING) Hey, everybody, look at this! It's that boy who laughs at everyone! Let's laugh at him!

Lining the street is a CROWD of Springfield's biggest losers. They all **LAUGH** at Nelson.

CROWD

Haw haw!

VERY TALL MAN

(TO NELSON) Wave to the people!

Nelson waves.

VERY TALL MAN (CONT'D)

Blow them kisses!

Nelson blows them kisses.

NELSON

(SADLY, A LA "HAW HAW") Wah wah!

Nelson is suddenly hit with streams of ketchup and mustard from above. He squints up at Bart and Milhouse, who are on the overpass above the road, and shakes his fist.

**EXT. OVERPASS - CONTINUOUS**

BART / MILHOUSE

(GLEEFUL LAUGHTER)

BART

Well, Milhouse, I guess interesting stuff does happen to people in Springfield.

They get down from the overpass and walk back towards the Kwik-E-Mart.

MILHOUSE

Yep, everybody in town's got their story to tell.

BART

There's just not enough time to hear 'em all...

As Bart and Milhouse disappear into the Kwik-E-Mart, PROF. FRINK frantically dashes onscreen, **PANTING**, and carrying an ART CARD which reads "The Tomfoolery of Professor John Frink." He turns to camera.

FRINK

(OUT OF BREATH) Oh, sorry I'm late. There was trouble at the lab, with the running and the exploding and the crying. One of the monkeys stole the glasses off my head.

We begin a **SLOW FADE OUT**.

FRINK (CONT'D)

(PLEADING) No, wait, please, no! Please! I have a funny story -- if you listen -- I even wrote theme music! Yeah, listen!

OVER BLACK

FRINK (CONT'D)

(CLEARS THROAT, THEN; SINGING) Hey,  
hey / Professor Frink / Professor Frink  
/ He'll make you laugh / He'll make you  
think / He likes to run and then the  
thing with the... person -- (GIVES UP)  
(SAD FRINK SIGH) Ah, boy, that  
monkey's gonna pay...

THE END